Literature and Psychology

THE QUARTERLY NEWS LETTER OF THE CONFERENCE ON LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION

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MACBETH
How does your patient, doctor?
DOCTOR
Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.
MACBETH
Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written trouble of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous
stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
DOCTOR
Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
MACBETH
Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
* * *
If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.
* * * *
DOCTOR
Were I from Dunsinane away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

--- Macbeth, Act V, Scene iii

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Including a correction to the Minutes of the Sixth Annual Conference)VI, 1, p.4), a communication bearing on an item in Bibliography (XIX) (V, III, p. 52), a pleasant renewal of an old friendship, and some more or less random observations on the Freud Centenary, as celebrated in New York City.

"The Yellow Malady: Short Studies of Five Tragedies of Jealousy," by A. Bronson Feldman 38

Dr. Feldman modestly presents this study of a persistent theme in Elizabethan drama as "an example of the way I would introduce psychoanalytic method to the college classroom, assuming the utmost adolescent skepticism." For those readers who remember Dr. Feldman not only as the contributor of the extensive bibliography which we published last year, but also as the staunch supporter of the claims of the Earl of Oxford to be recognized as the author of the works of Shakespeare, it might be important to note that in the present essay he is not concerned with the authorship of Othello nor, for that matter, of any of the other plays treated. "Of course," he writes in a letter to your Editor, "I call Shakespeare 'Shakespeare.' I never refer to Samuel Langhorne Clemens or W. S. Porter otherwise than as Mark Twain and O. Henry. Henri Beyle will never be anything but Stendhal to me." His aim in the present paper, he continues, "was something even simpler than Freud's beauty, 'The Choice of the Three Caskets.' At the same time I tried, as usual, to combine a historical with the psychoanalytic approach, my purpose being to start discussion, not to climax it."

"The Prisoner and His Crimes: Summary Comments on a Longer Study of the Mind of William Cowper," by Hoosag K. Gregory 53

LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY, we think, serves a most useful purpose in bringing to its readers a summary digest of an (as yet) unpublished dissertation which falls directly within our field of interest. Dr. Gregory studied at Bates College and the University of Illinois, and he received his Ph.D. at Harvard, where his Cowper studies were conducted under the supervision of George Sherburn and Harry Levin. He has taught at Harvard and at the Case Institute of Technology, where he is now assistant professor of Western Civilization.

Book Review of Ernest Jones's The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud (Vols. I & II), by John V. Hagopian 60

The second of our article-reviews stresses those portions of Jones's monumental biography which deal with Freud's interest and writings in the field of literature and literary criticism. The reviewer is known to our readers not only as the secretary pro tem of our last annual Conference, but also as the author of a leading article on Chaucer (V, 1, pp. 5-11) and of a paper on Shelley (American Imago, 12, 1, pp. 24-45)

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Items from recent issues of journals, including the Freud Centenary issue of Saturday Review, and from off-prints received.

COMMENTS, CORRECTIONS, AND COMMUNICATIONS

The uncertainties of scholarly schedules being what they are, we shall no longer make promises for the contents of our next issue. Instead we shall indicate that we hope to publish in future issues some or all of the following:

"J. D. Beresford: The Freudian Element," by Helmut E. Gerber (Lafayette),

"D. H. Lawrence's 'Psychology' of Sex," by Constantine N. Stavrou (Buffalo),

"Lenormand's Don Juan," by Douglas Hall Orrok (Bucknell) -- this last, in all probability, as one item in a symposium on Lenormand.

* * * * * * *

Louis Fraiberg, in a recent letter, proposes an important amendment and correction to the Minutes of the Sixth Annual Conference:

> In the latest L & P the summary report of the Chicago discussion disturbed me on one point. A condensed version of an exchange (top of p. 4) might leave the impression that I advocate something which in fact I do not. Ordinarily I am not concerned about 'explaining my explanation,' but this is on a subject which comes up frequently and generates some heat, both of which hint that it is important.
>
> I refer to the following: 'Harry Bergholz (Michigan) challenged Fraiberg's contention that 'we must know psychoanalysis as well as we know literature and criticism.' Did Fraiberg really mean that a successful literary critic must undergo a personal analysis? [Note how the question shifts the ground of the discussion.] Fraiberg responded that though this would be desirable, a few rare people would not find it an absolute necessity....' So many weeks after the fact it is difficult for me to remember how close this is to my exact words, but I do remember my intention which I would now like to state explicitly, if I can.
>
> To begin with, there is only one occupation for which a personal analysis is indispensable: the practice of psychoanalysis itself. Literary critics do not need it in order to practice criticism, although they might wish it for private reasons. Whether these reasons are relevant to the present problem is another question. I advocate intellectual responsibility in literary critics, from which it can be inferred that I have found significant examples of its opposite in some of them. This

means first of all that they should be informed on literary matters, a requirement that they meet. Next it means that if they choose to use ideas from some other discipline, field, or area, they obligate themselves to acquire the fullest possible information in the other area, in the context in which the ideas are understood by qualified students. If, for example, a critic uses sociological ideas, he must know them--I insist--as sociologists know them. Only then has he the moral right to make authoritative-sounding pronouncements about the relations of sociological ideas to literature. To complete my argument, if the critic elects (remember, nobody has compelled him or even asked him) to use psychoanalytic ideas in his criticism, then he has an inescapable moral obligation to make himself intellectually competent in the field of psychoanalysis.

All of this is a special aspect of a problem which interests me very much: how ideas make their way from their original context into particular segments of the general culture. From the study of what happens to them I am led inevitably to an attempt to establish what ought to happen. History, if it is to have any meaning, must be interpreted and evaluated, not merely recorded. I want to consider, therefore, not only what literary critics have done with psychoanalytic ideas in the course of their criticism, but also whether their methods of using such ideas are valid ones. The establishing of the necessary criteria means setting up value judgments--a part of the process of criticism of criticism.

It seems to me that our group might fruitfully discuss some of the questions growing out of this. What do you think?

* * * *

There being no objection, the minutes will be amended as requested. The Editors repeat Dr. Fraiberg's question, "What do you think?"

Professor Herbert Weisinger of Michigan State has written, to comment, in part, on a reference to his paper ("Iago's Iago," UKC Review, XX, 2 -- Winter, 1953 -- pp. 145-158) in Bibliography (XIX):

> The August, 1955 issue [V,3] of LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY did contain a reference to my paper on Iago on p. 52 which says: 'To point up the excellence of Professor Rosenberg's conception of Iago as an "ulcer type," comparison might be made with another paper dealing with the same subject but using psychodynamic method with far less satisfactory results. . . .' Of course, I was not using psychoanalytic methods in that paper but was getting at what I thought was the essential ethical configuration of the tragedy as a whole. Rosenberg's approach struck me as wrong on a number of counts but what I think is at fault is the attempt to pin down a character of Iago's complexity to such a simple motivation: this is not in keeping either with Elizabethan psychologic theory (though even this is not absolutely to the point) nor with Shakespeare's practice of character delineation nor with contemporary treatment of literature in terms of psychology; above all, it makes for rather thin criticism. I say this not because I think my paper better than his (it was certainly no major effort on my part) but because abuse of a method condemns it for the wrong reasons.
>
> I might add a note to the effect that in my book, TRAGEDY AND THE PARADOX OF THE FORTUNATE FALL, there is a chapter on the psychology of the paradox which makes use of Freud, Jung, Bodkin, etc., nothing spectacular and rather conservative in its approach.

* * * * * * *

And, as a final item of correspondence for this issue, the following excerpt from a letter written by Dr. Roy P. Basler, associate director of the reference department of the Library of Congress, and one of the original "seven against Thebes" whose petition inaugurated the first Conference on Literature and Psychology in 1950:

> A lot of water has gone over the dam since you and I petitioned for the first literature and psychology session at MLA, and I am looking forward to attending the next session in December. It has been impossible for me to attend MLA the last few years, but I think nothing will keep me from attending this one when the meeting is to be here in Washington. . . .
>
> The Newsletter continues to be good reading. In fact, it is almost my only way of keeping in touch with new developments in the field now that I have so little chance to do anything myself. . . .

The centenary of the birth of Sigmund Freud was celebrated in New York City by an elaborate program sponsored by the New York Academy of Medicine on Friday, April 20, and by a well-attended public lecture at Town Hall on Monday, April 23, sponsored by the New York Psychoanalytic Institute. The afternoon program at the Academy of Medicine was wholly medical in nature; the dinner which followed was marked by the drinking of a solemn toast to the memory of Freud, and the evening program dealt with Freud's influence in broader fields; to wit, the law, medical history, anthropology, and contemporary culture in general; represented respectively by Justic Epstein of the New York State Supreme Court, Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, Professor Clyde K. Kluckhohn of Harvard, and Dr. Iago Galdston, Executive Secretary of the Committee on Medical Information of the Academy. To your Editors, the choice of the last speaker was the least felicitous, an opinion which was borne out by the exhibition on "Freud, His Contemporaries and Associates," which was also prepared by Dr. Galdston. The section of this small exhibit which was devoted to "Literary Figures Influenced by Freud" consisted solely of a display of books by Hoffmansthal, Schnitzler, George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell (the one-act play Suppressed Desires), S. Weir Mitchell, and Lou Andreas-Salome. It will be interesting to see how and to what extent the same field is dealt with in the forthcoming exhibit of MEMORABILIA OF FREUD, which has been arranged by The American Psychoanalytic Association and will be shown in the Presidents' Gallery of The New York Academy of Medicine (103rd Street and Fifth Avenue) from May 9th through May 19th.

The program of April 23rd was devoted to an analysis of Freud's claim to the title of "genius," wittily and urbanely presented by Dr. Ernest Jones. Dr. Jones's thesis of the complementary aspects of credulity and skepticism in the make-up of the "genius" was clearly presented and psychoanalytically explicated.

Our readers are urged to be on the watch for other programs throughout the country which may be devoted to observation of this centenary. Our pages will be open to brief accounts of such programs, wherever held. It is, perhaps, not too early to suggest that our own program at our December meeting might well be centered around this same theme.

E. B. M.
L. F. M.

THE YELLOW MALADY:
SHORT STUDIES OF FIVE TRAGEDIES OF JEALOUSY

In Thomas Middleton's tragicomedy A Fair Quarrel (1617) he presents his heroine -- Jane Russell by name -- discoursing on the moral disease of jealousy in terms of the psychology of her age, which held that husbands and wives afflicted with the malady betrayed it by a characteristic color of the face. "Have you no skill in physiognomy?" she asks her Physician (II, ii, 12).

> What colour, says your coat, is my disease?
> I am unmarried, and it cannot be yellow. -
> If it be maiden-green, you cannot miss it.

The image of the major illness of marriage as yellow fascinates. The faces of the jealous in the dramas of Middleton's contemporaries glow clearly in memory with a yellow hue. Their eyes may be green, like the eyes of jealousy painted by Shakespeare for Othello, but their countenances appear pale gold, the complexion of a tawny Moor. In the following pages I will try to show how Shakespeare, Middleton, and several of their fellow playwrights portrayed such tragic masks and probed the hearts below them. Naturally I start with the foremost of Middleton's contemporaries, with the archetypical treatment of our theme.

A. Othello.

The earliest record of the date of Othello is the Court Revels paper preserved by Edmund Malone, which tells us that on "Hallowmas Day, being the first of November," in 1604, according to other evidence in the Court Revels documents, King James's actors played in the banqueting house at Whitehall the tragedy entitled "The Moor of Venice," by "Shaxberd." This Revels record is the sole reliable witness we have of the date of the drama; how long before November 1, 1604, Othello was composed, nobody really knows. Scholars are agreed that Shakespeare based the plot on a tale from Giraldo Cinthio's Hecatommithi, published in Italy in 1565 and translated into French in 1584. No English translation of this period is known. Furness has noted that the old song of "Willow" which haunted Desdemona (IV, iii) is found in the manuscript Lute Book of Thomas Tallis, dated 1583. Between 1583 or 1584 and the fall of 1604, then, Shakespeare conceived and carried out his design of The Moor of Venice. I am inclined to believe that the play as we have it was produced before 1598, prior to the writing of Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humour, which contains a number of passages that echo or mimic Othello. Thus Jonson's Kitely is seized with jealousy: "my head aches extremely on a sudden." Dame Kitely puts her hand on his forehead and cried out (II, ii). In the same scene the elder Knowell delivers a speech in the spirit of Shakespeare's Iago: "Get money. . . ." Kitely inquires in the next act (III, iii), "What meant I to marry?" A little later we have what appears to be a reminiscence of Othello's line, "Put up your bright swords, or the dew will rust them." Jonson simply says, "Put up your weapons" (IV, i). More closely parallel to Othello is Jonson's verse on the hand of the distrusted lady: "her hand, How hot it is" (IV, vi). Taken together these fragments hint of parody rather than coincidence.

Apparently Shakespeare's play was not printed until 1622, although entered in the Stationers' Register in October, 1621. The folio of 1623 contains about 160 lines not found in the quarto of 1622, and the latter bears many oaths and expletives banished from the folio. These

brimstone phrases seem to be survivals from a theatrical text prior to November, 1605, when the Parliament issued a law against taking the name of the Lord in vain in stage-plays.

The brilliant Richard Burbage performed the role of Othello to the satisfaction of poets and critics of his time, but to the taste of Samuel Pepys in 1666 the tragedy was "a mean thing." Thomas Ryner damned it in 1693 as "a bloody farce without salt or savour." The next century, however, raised the play nearly to the pinnacle which it occupies today. Wordsworth called it on of the "most pathetic of human compositions;" Coleridge wrote at considerable length in its praise; and Macaulay went so far as to extol it as "perhaps the greatest work in the world."

The dramatic purpose of Shakespeare in Othello, as I see it, was to portray the ruin of a noble soul, a soul strictly governing the essence of evil in it. The ruin results from the loss of the protagonist's faith in love. The soul of the Moor springs from royalty, and yet knows the pride of the self-made soldier. However, there is a tincture of villainy in it: the slavery of passion, of lust, has infected it, and no matter how well mastered, his will (as the Elizabethans styled the libido) will not let him rest. From that "insolent foe" there could never be real redemption for the Moor except by death. His daily battle with the erotic appetite is made more difficult by the fact that he is a solitary fighter, an alien in a strange land. He is a mercenary, not a warrior of his native country: "an extravagant and wheeling stranger, Of here and everywhere" (I, i, 136), long accustomed to "unhoused free condition" (I, ii, 26). And his "free and open nature" confounds innocence with honesty. Othello loves to deceive himself about his virtues. He claims that "the young affects" are defunct in his body; a statement as naive as the phrase "round unvarnished tale" which he uses to describe his burnished oration to the Venetian Senate. A soul so ignorant of itself is fated to terrible knowledge. Ignorance, after all, is bliss only where there is great faith. Othello dares to stake his life on faith in the love of Desdemona. His faith is truly religious, as Coleridge discerned when he remarked: "Othello had no life but in Desdemona; the belief that she, his angel, had fallen from the heaven of her native innocence, wrought a civil war in his heart." What Coleridge overlooked was that Othello's faith was blind idolatry, and intrinsically an insult to human nature. The Moor's soul prostrated itself before illusion, a divinity of his own fantastic creation, fashioned in a revolt from flesh and blood. This private cult reveals a hidden shame, and his fear is of the flesh. So strong is this fear in his heart that when he holds Desdemona in his arms he yearns for death, to protect him from disenchantment. It was not the loss of his belief in Desdemona's chastity that wrought civil war in Othello's heart. Even while his faith in his wife burns clear and high we catch a glimpse of that civil war, in the scene following the street brawl in Cyprus (II, iii), when the general warns his followers:

> My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
> And passion, having my best judgment collied,
> Assays to lead the way.

The chaos that Othello believes will come again when he no longer loves Desdemona does not have far to go to conquer him: it is always on the threshold of his soul, his "perfect soul." Shakespeare's drama is a revelation of the darkness of that soul, its mixture of desire and hate and self-deception.

To accomplish his purpose, Shakespeare devised a plot unequalled among all his plays for speed of action and intimate texture of scenes. There is no clownage to delay the tragedy's progress, and no subplot. The "romance" of Cassio and Bianca, the swindling of Roderigo — these hardly deserve to be called subplots; they are incidents for promoting the main theme, the lone theme of the play. Othello may indeed be termed a "monograph," as Georg Brandes has called it; so bare is it of diversion from the central theme. The sardonic mirth of Iago and his Emilia furnish whatever comic elements exist in the play, but there is nothing properly described as comic relief. Besides the Machiavellian wit of Iago, the only real entertainment that Shakespeare provides to arrest our minds in the race of his characters toward their destinies is a gorgeousness of imagery. A really Oriental outburst of color and melody captivates us often in the midst of passages of Occidental law and order and morality. As the lava verses are poured before us, we can almost imagine the poet composing them, in the intensest of Italianate tempers ("An Englishman Italianate is the devil incarnate"), ever and anon cooling his muse with draughts of English ale and English ethics.

English ethics demand that we give the devil his due. Shakespeare knew that Iago was not fundamentally to blame for the downfall of his Moor. In fact, we might define Iago as the Moor's second self, his evil conscience. When the ensign observes the meeting of Desdemona and Cassio he utters a noncommittal sentence or two and repeats the questions his master flings at him. Othello observes:

> By heaven, he echoes me,
> As if there were some monster in his thought
> Too hideous to be shown.

There is no hint of a monster in Iago's words. The hideousness hides in Othello's own spirit, waiting to spring out. As if he wished to think evilly of his wife. . . . She had proclaimed that she saw her husband's visage in his mind. She saw a mask, the front of a Christian, of European dignity built up to conceal an ego cankered by servility. Othello suffered from religious bondage as well as the chains of an ex-slave. He simply could not believe that the daughter of a Venetian nobleman could love chastely an African hireling of the state, an adventurer with a mysterious past.

The slavish trend in the Moor's mind if perhaps nowhere better indicated than in these lines expressing the passion for proprietorship over wives:

> O curse of marriage!
> That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
> And not their appetites.

The pity of it all is plainly seen in the fact that the same mind that could pronounce these words of greed had the ability to rise to the expression of the freedom of a self-respecting husband and his bride:

> 'Tis not to make me jealous
> To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
> Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
> Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.

The downfall of an intellect that could speak such humanism makes us grieve. And the pity is heightened by the terror with which we contemplate the locking of his soul together with Iago's forever, by a sacred vow, in erotic hate. [Note: I have attempted to probe deeper into the psychology of the Moor in an article, "Othello's Obsessions, Amer. Imago, 9, 2 (June, 1952), 147-164).]

B. The White Devil

The White Devil, or The Tragedy of Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, With the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona the famous Venetian Courtesan, Acted by the Queen's Majesty's Servants. Written by John Webster. So runs the title-page of what seems to be the first quarto of Webster's White Devil, printed in 1612. A preface by the dramatist informs us that "it was acted in so dull a time of winter," and he was "a long time in finishing this tragedy." It was based on reports of the murder of Vittoria Accorambuoni, a kinsman by marriage of Pope Sixtus V. She was killed on December 22, 1585, and several accounts of her case were printed, notably Casimir Tempesti's Storia della Vita e Geste di Sisto Quinto. But Webster is believed to have mainly employed oral reports. The play was apparently a failure when first produced by the servants of Queen Anne, formerly men in the service of the Earls of Oxford and Worcester. Yet three quartos appearing in 1631, 1665, and 1672 testify to the British public's ardor for the drama. The industrious Nahum Tate emasculated The White Devil for early eighteenth century censure under the title Injured Love, or The Cruel Husband, but Webster's genius survived the operation.

Charles Lamb bore witness to the magic of the play, telling how he felt the charm of the guilty heroine so strongly he desired to "rise and make proffer to defend her, in spite of the utmost conviction of her guilt." Hazlitt declared that The White Devil and Webster's other masterpiece, The Duchess of Malfi, "come the nearest to Shakespeare of anything we have upon record." Even the sedate Taine was thrilled by Webster's art, thrilled to blindness, for the French critic was dazzled into saying, "No one equalled Webster in creating desperate characters, utter wretches, bitter misanthropes, in blackening and blaspheming human life, above all, in depicting the shameless depravity and refined ferocity of Italian manners."

The truth is that Webster's art was devoted to cambatting those who blackened and blasphemed humanity. He fought them with art, however, not sermons, reflecting their foulness beneath beauty and wit and glamorous garments in a mirror of fairness -- the mirror of a splendid disciple of Shakespeare, who laughed and wept at the vanities and brutalities of mankind, yet always struggled to understand them, with the charity and psychic science of a Renaissance Christian and gentleman. Webster had no stones for sin, only grief and language of fire.

The motive of jealousy is introduced in the first act of The White Devil with dry, mordant laughter, the irony of Flamineo, the "Devil's" brother, who mocks her husband Camillo for suspecting the Duke of Brachiano's intention to cuckold him. Vittoria's brother declares, "They that have the yellow jaundice think all objects they look on to be yellow. Jealousy is worse." (I, ii) He fools Camillo into leaving the woman's bedchamber clear for the Duke's entry. Then in a few swift lines we are admitted to a deep chamber of the shefiend's mind. She tells Brachiano a dream, interpreted for us by her listening brother:

> Excellent devil!
> She hath taught him in a dream
> To make away his duchess and her husband.

The aims of Vittoria and Flamineo are childishly simple: she to wear the coronet of the Duchess of Brachiano; he to become the chief minister, perhaps eventually the lord, of the dukedom. For such

glories they reckon adultery and murder cheap prices to pay, and their commercial principles remain unshaken by the pious appeals of their mother. When she cried, "What! because we are poor Shall we be vicious?" Flamineo responds with a humorously harrowing picture of their poverty, which makes her ideals look as nourishing as the broth from a starved chicken's ghost. Our sympathy for the ambitious siblings is subtly fortified by the contempt we are made to feel for the imbecile husband, Camillo, and the indignation roused in us by the ferocity of the Duke's wife against the desperate Vittoria. But Webster deserves criticism for further lightening the impact of their crimes in the dumbshow scenes wherein the murders of Camillo and Duchess Isabella are "conjured" on the stage with silent mummery. By these dumb devices Webster betrays too keen a zeal for shielding his dead Devil and her bright-witted brother from the public's ethical heat.

There is no need to add my plaudits to the mountain of tribute already heaped in honor of the trial scene in The White Devil (III,ii). Hazlitt said the last word on the arraignment of Vittoria: "Nothing can be imagined finer than the whole conduct and conception of this scene, than her scorn of her accusers and of herself. The sincerity of her sense of guilt triumphs over the hypocrisy of their affected and official contempt of it." I would like to call attention to the English Ambassador whom the dramatist made a witness of Vittoria's trial. He seems to be a mouthpiece of Webster's own opinion of the proceedings. When the French Ambassador observes, "She hath liv'd ill," the Englishman remarks: "True, but [her judge,] the cardinal's too bitter." The justice of this criticism of the future Pope Sixtus V, sitting in judgment on the woman taken in adultery, hits home to every heart. And every heart must echo the Englishman's admiration for the White Devil: "She hath a brave spirit." The Ambassador brings a clarifying air of England to the torrid Italian atmosphere of the tragedy.

After the ridiculous jealousy of Camillo comes the titanic jealousy of the White Devil's lover, Brachiano, convinced by a single treacherous letter from Francisco de Medicis, the Duke of Florence, that Vittoria has plotted to become the mistress of "that old dog-fox, that politician Florence." So steeped are the brains of Brachiano in lechery that he cannot see in the letter a trick of Florence to avenge the ruin of his sister Isabella, Brachiano's despised wife. The scene where he storms at his whore Vittoria and she storms brilliantly back is unexcelled for theatrical dexterity and poetry. "Your beauty!" cried the anguished Duke,

> Your beauty! O ten thousand curses on't!
> How long have I beheld the devil in crystal!
> Thou hast led me, like a heathen sacrifice,
> With music, and with fatal yoke of flowers,
> To my eternal ruin. (IV, ii.)

(By the way, one wonders if Keats did not remember the third and fourth lines of this speech while writing his "Ode on a Grecian Urn.") Equally enchanting is the rapidity of Brachiano's repentance, when he sees Vittoria fling herself on her bed in tears. How grimly comic and pathetic are Flamineo's pleas for his sister's pardon, his effort to argue with the Duke's jealous rage:

> Best natures do commit the grossest faults,
> When they're given o'er to jealousy, as best wine,
> Dying, makes strongest vinegar.

The Senecan sententiousness of Shakespeare's Iago finds a worthy mimic in Flamineo, with his "dried sentence, stuft with sage." But the witchery of his sister has no parallel in Shakespeare with the possible exception of Cleopatra. The fatal passion of Brachiano not infrequently reaches the rhythm and flame of Othello's noblest language. We are compelled to identify ourselves with him in his final agony, when he cries out to his crystal fiend: "Had I infinite worlds They were too little for thee: Must I leave thee?" (V, i). We taste the wormwood of his remorse when he shrieks, crazed with a poisoned scalp: "I'll do a miracle, I'll free the court From all foul vermin. Where's Flamineo?" And we can feel darkness palpable when the Duke calls with his last breath, "Vittoria! Vittoria!"

The conclusion of The White Devil is marred by Webster's obvious effort in the didactic vein. He makes the heroine's last speech an admonition to ambitious beauty, to the Jane Shores of his age:

> O, happy they that never saw the court,
> Nor ever knew great men but by report.

It seems as if the poet spoiled the White Devil's death merely for the sake of appeasing the Puritans, the Gossons, Stubbes, and Prynnes, who attacked the playhouses of his livelihood as schools of Satan. Brachiano dies a far more dramatic death. She should have perished with this utterance on her lips:

> My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
> Is driven, I know not whither.

But Webster was forced to put some idle morality in his play, just as his Duke of Florence has to put some absurd comedy into his plot against Brachiano:

> My tragedy must have some idle mirth in't,
> Else it will never pass. (III, iii.)

Also we must regret the strained imitations of "the right happy and copious industry of M. Shake-speare," which blemish Webster's play. Cornelia's mad echoes of Ophelia and her floral language (V, i) hardly touch us, although we can enjoy the challenge of comparison between Vittoria's trial speech and Portia's appeal to the clemency of Venice. Cornelia's dirge, "Call for the robin redbreast," as Lamb affirmed, merits ranking with the most tragically charming of Shakespeare's lyrics. Finally, I must extol the verse in which Vittoria begs her brother not to kill her, promising the heritage of her dukedom: "Is not all mine yours? Have I any children?" (V, ii). That last question wrings the heart with a pain comparable to that evoked by Macduff when he cries out against Macbeth: "He has no children!"

The jealousy of Duke Brachiano is clearly founded on the fascination that the White One's evil in beauty exerts for him. His own yearning to violate the laws of his fathers meets encouragement in her conduct. When he turns on her in hate, it is because their passion has unmasked him, revealed the bravo, the lecher, and assassin beneath the robes of his lofty office. Never does the Duke recognize her as a human: she shines for him always as a witch, a she-devil, the embodiment of his own eidolon of evil. That is what gives his tragedy its peculiar air of a dream.

C. Women Beware Women

Thomas Middleton was buried on July 4, 1627, and thirty years after, Humphrey Moseley published a couple of Middleton's "excellent poems" in a volume entitled Two New Plays. These were More Dissemblers Besides Women and Women Beware Women. The date of production of the latter is unknown, although commendatory rimes by Nath. Richards of Cambridge assure us that "Never came off tragedy with more applause." The plot was derived in part from a Spanish novel, "Hippolyto and Isabella," of which an English translation was registered by the Stationers' Company in November, 1627. Middleton is thought by some investigators to have seen this translation in manuscript, but I can see no reason for denying him enough knowledge of Spanish to follow the story in the original. The heroine of his tragedy was the renowned courtesan of Florence, Bianca Capello, who died in 1587, seven years after Middleton was born. Scholars are generally inclined to date Women Beware Women as a work of 1612; their justification seems to be that the play is the only product of his pen without a known collaborator, and before 1611 and after 1612 all the dramas he worked on were done with fellow playwrights. It was certainly the product of Middleton's maturity. The frank decadence of the story, the bold cool handling of the incest motive in the subplot, not to mention the rapid variety and ease of the verse, demonstrate a writer well advanced in the art of the theatre during the romance of Robert Carr and the notorious Countess of Essex, the murderers of Sir Thomas Overbury, who married in December, 1613, with a wedding for which Middleton composed a masque.

The poet was surely thinking of London, not Florence, when he made one of the characters in Women Beware Women say:

> It's a witty age;
> Never were finer snares for women's honesties
> Than are devised in these days. (II, ii.)

I suppose that Middleton wanted us to think that his hero Leantio was properly punished for stealing his bride away from her parents by the worse theft of her honor in adultery with the Florentine Duke. Leantio exclaims (III, ii):

> O equal justice, thou hast met my sin
> With a full weight! I'm rightly now opprest.

Of course no humane listener to Leantio could sympathize with his jealous desire to hide his Bianca from all social intercourse except with his mother. The cloistered virtue he extols only makes darker his own avarice for Bianca's love. His plot to "lock [his] life's best treasure up" deserved to fail, and Middleton seems to have delighted in the portrayal of its failure, despite the cost of liberty to his heroine. Since he was not writing a comedy of cuckoldry, however, his mirth shines ghastly through the speed of the unhappily horned Leantio and the quickly corrupted Bianca to their fate.

We cannot help but smile when Leantio calls wedlock "the ripe time of man's misery," and sighs, "What a peace Has he that never marries!" These phrases acutely remind us of Othello's lines: "O misery!" and "Why did I marry?" The only excuse Leantio has for his complaint against marriage is that his wife has just received an invitation to the ducal court. His face exhibits the yellow malady from the moment he enters the play. Such a slave of lust (and what else is ungenerous love?) can never move people to tears. We are prompted to contempt for him when he accepts the Duke's offer of a

a citadel captaincy in diplomatic payment for adultery (III, ii). Incidentally, the Duke's offer, made before the whole court, is poorly motivated by the poet. "We've heard of your good parts, sir," quoth the Duke, and that compliment is Middleton's warrant for promoting the plebeian Leantio to the strategic post. Few dramatists contrive such abrupt transitions as Middleton did, as the scene of Bianca's seduction, where the blank verse moves with a greasy velocity (II, ii), will bear witness.

Our disgust over Leantio's jealousy is increased when we hear him chant hatred for his wife for betraying him. Not a word breaks from his mouth against the seducing Duke. Even in soliloquy his heart has no voice for revenge against the overlord of Florence. And when the slave attempts to justify his own erotic greed for the lady Livia by asking, "Why should my love last longer than [Bianca's] truth?" who can keep from a desire to see the scoundrel walloped for his lust? Like Falstaff! The cuckold would seem an admirable comedian if he were not so servile to the Duke, spiritually so prostrate before the master.

The comedy of Leantio's love-life is nowhere better manifested than in the dialog between him and Bianca which runs thus:

B. We both thrive best asunder
L. You're a whore!
B. Fear nothing, sir.
L. An impudent, spiteful strumpet!
B. O sir, you give me no thanks for your captainship. . . .
L. I'm not love-starved. (IV, i)

The colloquial realism of this quarrel and other duets of the play provoke our suspicion that the poet has been pricking his ears at courtiers' keyholes.

Middleton's sense of humor also acted to the detriment of his tragedy when he portrayed the Duke of Florence speaking penance for his sins. First we hear the Duke's brother, the Cardinal, deploring his descent on the primrose road to damnation, while in the same breath he lauds the Duke as "So wise, so noble!" Next we hear the sinner meditate on the threats of everlasting pain and the danger of evil spreading among the populace as a result of his wicked example. He repents his sins, and then "after a minute's reprehension," he decides that Leantio will soon be killed by Livia's brother and he will be free to marry Bianca. The scene (IV, i) must be read to be believed. Rarely has religion been so caricatured on the stage. The business is what Livia might call "a jest hell falls alaughing at!"

When the bawdry and intrigue are done, and the play delivers its quota of corpses, Middleton tosses his public a couple of morals. An effort is made to justify the catching title of the tragedy, but Bianca's assurance, "Like our own sex we have no enemy," must have angered the intelligent females beholding the drama, who realized that the women in it were no worse than the men. The Cardinal's warning that "where lust reigns, that prince cannot reign long," is cold consolation for the victim's of the prince's passions.

For myself, the richest wisdom of the drama consists of the lines spoken by Bianca on the question of the education of her sex:

'Tis not good, in sadness,
To keep a maid so strict in her young days; restraint
Breeds wandering thoughts. (IV i.)

I wonder if Browning had these verses in mind when he made another Florentine sinner say:

> You should not take a fellow eight years old
> And make him swear never to kiss the girls.

Women Beware Women is declared by grave authority to be the unaided work of Thomas Middleton. Yet while perusing the sniggering vulgarity of the scenes where Guardiano's Ward and his servant Sordido juggle their vile similes and obscene puns ad nauseam, I could almost smell the perspiring authorship of William Rowley, who contributed so much "comic relief" to Middleton's plays, stuff that our age finds tedious and ugly. It would be a pleasure to clear the superior poet of responsibility for the scene of Guardiano's death in the last act, where his Ward ignorantly springs the trap intended for another and impales his foster-father. A horribly funny scene, but of value solely for the instruction it affords the student of the Oedipus complex in England in the seventeenth century.

Some critics have hailed Women Beware Women as Middleton's masterpiece. The enraptured Swinburne affirms that it is "full to overflowing of noble eloquence, of inventive resource, and suggestive effect," but admits that the underplot and the conclusion are repulsive and absurd. Swinburne regrets that Leantio's old mother drops out of the action "just when some redeeming figure is most needed to assuage the dreariness of disgust" everybody feels in pursuing the destinies of the other characters. Certainly there is eloquence in the play, but hardly noble eloquence. The Cardinal's sermons are strong in their brevity, but do not ring in our memories. What lives with us after the final cadence are reminiscences of the vital talk of the characters, the wit, rage, and lust, so sharply and gaudily delineated. Charles Lamb praised highly the portrait of the baronial bawd Livia, but ineptly compared her with Chaucer's Wife of Bath, the good clean Alice!

If Middleton hoped to rival or surpass Webster's creation of Vittoria Corrombona in his tragedy of Bianca Capello, he failed dismally. Instead of "one of the great Italian heroines of horror," as Sampson declared, the dramatist produced "nothing stronger than a woman of the world, who uses bluff geniality in the service of prostitution." Middleton's failure appears more glaring when one likens his puppet portraits of the Duke of Florence, Francisco de Medicis, with the image of that same demonic man created by Webster in The White Devil. The sad thought haunts me when I read Women Beware Women that its merry writer cared as little for art as he cared for morality.

D. The Maid's Tragedy

Anonymously printed in 1619, printed again (with revision of the text) in 1622, The Maid's Tragedy appeared at last with the authors' names on the title-page in the quarto of 1630. Since then no one has seriously questioned the claim of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher to the laurels of the play, although Beaumont is believed to have written most of it. The date of its first production is usually given as about 1611, but the chronological evidence is frail. It was probably composed before 1613, when Beaumont married an heiress and retired from stage work. 1606 is conjectured to be the year when he and Fletcher began their collaboration, but "he must be a bold man," as James Shirley remarked, "that dares to undertake to write their lives," and, let me add, determine the dates of their works. The sources of this tragedy are likewise buried in mystery. The character and cer-

tain of the actions of the heroine Aspatia have been adroitly compared to Philip Sidney's Parthenia in the Arcadia, but no other possible debt of the two dramatists to other authors has yet been proved. Brandes held the opinion that "It all reads like a weak imitation of the Spanish dramatists before Calderon." The experts, however, are inclined to deny the direct influence of Spain on Beaumont and his soul's brother. The behavior of the courtier Amintor toward his King who cuckolds him does remind us poignantly of the aristocratic servility of the heroes of Lope de Vega, especially in La Estrella de Sevilla. But absolute monarchy was bound to develop such behavior on the stage in any country.

Amintor's faith in the divine rights of royal libertines comes close to ruining a superb tragedy. We are early told that "valiant he is and temperate," but he carries temperance too far. He himself exclaims that he is "too temperate," when his bride Evadne refuses to yield her body to him on their wedding night. Learning that she has a secret lover, he demands to know the man who wrongs him,

> That I may cut his body into motes,
> And scatter it before the northern wind.

No sooner do we hear his betrayer identified than we hear his rhetoric change into obsequious zephyr. The King of Rhodes himself has taken Evadne for love-partner, and has commanded Amintor to break off his betrothal with Aspatia and to wed Evadne in order to cloak the royal sins. When the courtier listens to his wife expound the despicable role the King has assigned to him, and listens to her fierce mockery,

> What did he make this match for, dull Amintor? —

the vassal responds:

> O, thou hast named a word that wipes away
> All thoughts revengeful! In that sacred name,
> 'The King,' there lies a terror. What frail man
> Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods
> Speak to him when they please. (II, i.)

At once Amintor's makers have deprived him of all right to respect, for the right to kill a tyrant was recognized by some of the foremost minds in Europe in their time, by Catholics and Protestants alike. Amintor's loyalty is a fetishism, anti-Christian, for he consents to act as matrimonial screen for the King's amorous appetite.

Yet when Evadne's brother, the warrior Melantius, hears the weeping cuckold tell how the King has placed the brand of prostitute on his sister's fame, a spark of honor urges the husband to cry:

> Thou shouldst do me ease
> Here and eternally, if thy noble hand
> Would cut me from my sorrows. (III, ii.)

He would rather be killed than assassinate his honor's assassin. Melantius offers to slay "this adulterous king," being a soldier of Roman republican self-respect. The super-sycophant Amintor draws his sword to stop Melantius, lest he shame him to posterity!

> Draw, then; for I am full as resolute
> As fame and honor can enforce me be.

Twice he draws and sheathes his sword in defense of this strange "honor" of his, in a scene that reads today like a travesty of the chivalric code under absolute kingship.

George Darley is right when he points out how Beaumont and Fletcher have alienated sympathy from their heroine, the deserted Aspatia. "We almost despise her abject faithfulness to Amintor, who has jilted her," in obedience to his Majesty. We may receive a kind of catharsis of our ill feelings about this pair when she goes disguised as a soldier to strike and kick her beloved in the last act. The pity provoked by Aspatia's pursuit of happiness by death at her adored one's blade turns into horror when we watch him drive the weapon into her breast. He was able to bear the infamy the King had condemned him to: but he could not bear a kick from one whom he took to be just Aspatia's brother, a gentleman of low degree, come to avenge the jilting of his sister. Our horror turns to disgust in a moment, for the murder of the boyish Aspatia is followed by Amintor's expression of outrage at the news of Evadne's killing of the King. She has learnt from her brother to renew her girlhood feelings of jealousy and pride for her heart and house. When her cuckold beholds her bloody-handed, flaunting the steel of tyrannicide, he wails:

> Thou hast raised up mischief to his height,
> And found one to outname thy other faults.
> . . . Thou hast touched a life,
> The very name of which had power to chain
> Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

Only psychoanalysis could see any sense in Amintor's indignation over the death of the Father of his country, whom he reveres as a vicar of his Father in Heaven.

Long before Edmund Waller revised the last act of the tragedy, in 1664, to eliminate the regicide, Englishmen must have regarded the overlord of Rhodes as merely a crowned criminal, and thrilled to hear Melantius plan his overthrow. The manliness of Melantius throws into darker relief the ignobility of Amintor. But our two poets have thrown a curse on Melantius and the men who would emulate him. In the last lines of the play, they denounce both meretricious monarchs and conspirators against such kings:

> On lustful kings,
> Unlooked for, sudden deaths from God are sent,
> But cursed is he that is their instrument.

Clearly Beaumont and Fletcher show that they held the filial piety of politics, their superstition of despotism worthy of Asia, more precious than the dictates of honor in Christendom (at least Christendom north of Iberia). The dramatists even failed to avail themselves of the excuse that Christianity required them to pardon sinners. The teachings of Shakespeare in The Tempest, that "The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance," probably did not impress the younger playwrights as authentic "theatre."

The effeminacy of their ethics is paralleled by the lush quality of their lyric writing in the tragedy. They did not hesitate to halt the action for the purpose of letting the air be filled with amorous pomp and circumstance of song. Middleton's introduction of court masque material in Women Beware Women displays a truer sense of drama than Beaumont and Fletcher showed when they carpentered masque and tragedy together in their first act. We applaud their sensitive metres and melodies, but have to smile at their readiness to set on some quantity of auditors to daydreaming over rimes, "though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered." The famous song of Aspatia beginning "Lay a garland on my hearse" (II, i) carries more dramatic force in its fragility than the entire

masque of the first act, although its pathos lacks the depth of tears in Desdemona's less artful song of "Willow." Still we must agree with Brandes's decision on the nuptial night scene between Amintor and Evadne, that it burns "as boldly dramatic as any written by Shakespeare before or Webster after" the date of The Maid's Tragedy. (Apropos, Brandes discerned more in common between Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster and Othello than he saw between the latter and The Maid's Tragedy.) Praiseworthy, too, is the duet of Evadne and the King in the fifth act, where the poets seem to linger with voluptuous cruelty over her speeches tormenting the monarch, the ardent crescendo of her thoughts to the regicide. Webster could hardly have done better. I think he must have been particularly delighted by the avenging courtesan's appeal to the stars: "Those blessed fires that shot to see our sin" (V, i). Evadne rises to the stature of Vittoria Corombona when she tells the King:

> I was a world of virtue,
> Till your cursed court and you (hell bless you for't!)
> With your temptations on temptations
> Made me give up mine honor.

The poetry, the blazing talent that went into the making of the three courtesans, Evadne of Rhodes, Vittoria of Venice, and Bianca Capello of Florence -- this artistry by itself would lift Elizabethan drama above the stage literature of the rest of the world. These three girls possess energy to bewitch the hearts of all who are attracted to the theatre, with a magic transcending three centuries of revolutions in literature. They exemplify the liberty of the feminine in the Renaissance at its sunset.

E. The Broken Heart

John Ford's masterpiece, The Broken Heart, was printed in 1633, after its entry in the Stationers' Register on March 28 of that year. It had been performed by the same royal company that played The Maid's Tragedy and Othello, Shakespeare's men. The Blackfriars playhouse produced both Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy and Ford's, but the date of both productions is conjectural. On the title-page of The Broken Heart the poet's name appears in anagram, Fide Honor; but he signed the excessively humble dedication of the drama to William, Lord Craven. Where Ford obtained the raw material of his plot, we do not know for sure. It may be his own invention, as the plot of The Maid's Tragedy may have been Beaumont's. Stuart Sherman suggested that The Broken Heart was based on the unfortunate romance of Sir Philip Sidney and Penelope Devereux ("Astrophel and Stella"), but the suggestion needs firmer grounds than Sherman could show. Havelock Ellis ventured the guess that Ford's story might have been taken from an Italian novel. The name of the stage setting and the personages, like those of The Maid's Tragedy, are Greek, but the tale is certainly Italianate. We need not take too seriously the claim of the Prologue that

> What may be here thought fiction, when Time's youth
> Wanted some riper years, was known a truth.

Ellis exaggerates when he states, "There is little movement, no definite plot or story," only a statuesque "group of frozen griefs."

Ford's drama commences with the exposition of a feud, comparable to the one in Shakespeare's Verona, between the families of two Spartan cavaliers named Orgilus and Ithocles. In an endeavor to reconcile the fighting clans Orgilus was engaged to marry Penthea, the sister

of Ithocles. Now the star-crossed couple love each other honestly, but Ithocles takes advantage of his father's death and his rise to the headship of their house to compel the marriage of Penthea with the old and wealthy Bassanes. We behold Bassanes suffering from jealousy as wild as Othello's, but without the slightest pretext for distrusting his wife. Orgilus describes the aged husband's passion with etching words:

> A kind of monster love, which love
> Is nurse unto a fear so strong and servile
> As brands all dotage with a jealousy.
> All eyes who gaze upon that shrine of beauty,
> He doth resolve, do homage to the miracle;
> Someone, he is assured, may now and then
> If opportunity but sort, prevail.
> So much, out of self-unworthiness,
> His fears transport him. (I, i.)

The second act exhibits Bassanes at his antics of "self-unworthiness," plotting to keep his wife practically a prisoner, even though she is melancholy and ill. Ford expresses the proprietary lust of the dotard with his usual skill in painting emotions, and neatly converts our feelings of disgust into good humor by candidly presenting Bassanes in comic relief. The scene where the old man tries to speak kindly and affectionately to the young woman he has married, while being stung by the bawdy hints of her bodyguard Grausis, is supremely amusing. We have to laugh when Bassanes sweats at the thought of Penthea suddenly "breeding young bones," and laugh louder when he blurts: "My agonies are infinite" (II, i). Ford, a poet famous for the extreme gloom of his muse, thus shows himself a humorist superior to Middleton, whose humor soured on the jealousy theme in Women Beware Women. Perhaps Ford needed laughter more than the less melancholy Middleton. The Bassanes comedy mounts to an excruciating peak in the third act. Here he invades an interview between Penthea and her brother, charging them with "swine-security of bestial incest." Then, under the spell of the poor girl's protest and modest affirmation of chastity, he transforms into a warbler of her praise and his own:

> O, my senses —
> Are charmed with sounds celestial! -- On, dear, on;
> I never gave you one ill word; say, did I?
> Indeed, I did not.

The exquisite comedy of Bassanes' jealousy lingers in the mind more durably than the formal, conventionally tragic jealousy of the Prince of Argos, the rival of Ithocles for the love of the princess Calanthia. This jealousy turns in the twinkling of two scenes into a noble renunciation. There is more genuine tragedy in the remorse of Bassanes when he perspires and cries at the spectacle of Penthea gone mad with grief for the loss of her Orgilus. And the speech of Orgilus responding to the old man's roars of woe is a gem of theatrical irony:

> Lay by thy whining, gray dissimulation;
> Do something worth a chronicle. Show justice
> Upon the author of this mischief; dig out
> The jealousies that hatched this thraldom first
> With thine own poniard. Every antic rapture
> Can roar as thine does. (IV, ii.)

We wince with Ithocles as he listens to the half-crazed lover sneering at the old husband, ignorant that the real inventor of Penthea's mis-

fortune stands by his side, pretending manly sympathy for his sister: "But thou, Penthea, Hast many years, I hope," etc. Ford, however, in a moment deftly turns our minds to compassion for Ithocles in the passage where Penthea points at him and tells Orgilus that her brother's pride caused the defeat of their love, and now Ithocles is in torment for love of Calantha . We feel the surge of Orgilus's craving for revenge on the arrogant brother, and we chill with Penthea as her lover kisses her hand in farewell, with his thoughts concentrated on murder (IV, ii).

The scene in which Orgilus traps Ithocles in the iron arms of a chair and stabs him purges us truly of whatever terror and pity our minds are burdened with, for we sense in the death of Calanthia's lover a redemption, an atonement. The sacrifice of Orgilus's life by his own hand brings the tragedy close to the edge of perfection. It is perfected, as all students of Ford's genius know, by the sublime scenes at the end, in which Calanthia dances while the news of her lover's death is brought to her ear, and then where she holds the solemn ritual of marriage with his dead body before altar and court. In the presence of her catastrophe we understand what Lamb meant when he said that Ford's poetry at the end of The Broken Heart nearly transported him in imagination to Calvary and the Cross.

In this tragedy and in 'Tis Pity She's a Whore John Ford earned the glory which is unsurpassed by any contemporary dramatist except Shakespeare and Webster. Like these masters, the writer of The Broken Heart had meditated deeply, as Havelock Ellis states, on the springs of human action, especially in women, and consequently, we see, on the pathology of jealousy. There are scarcely finer instructors in the diagnosis and dissection of the yellow disease.

We must leave to the more skilled in psychology the problem of Ford's obsession with the theme of incest between brother and sister, and the peculiar impudence of his humor in dealing with elderly lovers, like a son covertly rebellious, daring only to satirize with refined if not downrightly timid pen the passions of paternal age.

F.

The five tragedies we have examined show obvious points of similarity in their dramatic structure as well as in their moral substance. Three of them take place in romantic Italy, one in romantic Greece, and The Maid's Tragedy is located on an island between the two countries. Othello and The White Devil are both adorned with Moorish costumes, for the Duke of Florence in the latter play disguises himself as a countryman of Othello's. Vittoria's servant-girl Zanche is also a Moor. Painting the hot-blooded personages of these plays in Mediterranean racial colors enabled the dramatists to utter more freely the emotions of the English men and women they were concerned with in actuality.

We have already noted that Webster's heroine practices the same ancient profession that the heroines of The Maid's Tragedy and Women Beware Women revel in and pay for. On the other hand, Othello and The Broken Heart have heroines of unexampled purity, falsely suspected of betraying their husbands, and perishing horribly without real friends to protect or rescue them. Another external likeness I find in the way that Middleton and Ford destroy two of their scheming love-wreckers, Guardiano and Ithocles, by mechanical devices. The masques of Middleton's play and Beaumont and Fletcher's have been discussed. I should

have enjoyed
discussion of the lyrical interludes in Ford's play, comparing them with Aspatia's elegy and the most famous poem by James Shirley, "The glories of our blood and state."

What unites all five tragedies is the theme of marital infidelity or the fear of it. The "curse of marriage" is explored with fervor by all six playwrights. As we have seen, four of the dramas plainly depict jealousy as yellow of face, a sickness of lust and cowardice. The Maid's Tragedy gilded the malady in the case of Aminter, but Beaumont and Fletcher give us a glimpse of the sex-jaundice on the face of his betrayer, the King of Rhodes. In the first scene of their third act the royal villain says to the loyal cuckold, "You will suffer me To talk with her, Amintor, and not have A jealous pang?" The incredible cuckold replies: "Sir, I dare trust my wife With whom she dares to talk, and not be jealous." And then we hear the King upbraid Evadne for having given leave to Amintor to call her his wife and love. The incredible King hisses:

> I see there is no lasting faith in sin;
> They that break word with heaven will break again
> With all the world, and so dost thou with me.

The dialogue of this pair, when they are not endeavoring to soar into wise, pious adages, has a grim yet ludicrous realism that must have taught Middleton much. Nevertheless in these lines Fletcher or Beaumont (or both) delivered the main lesson of the five tragedies I have reviewed. The lesson is on the surface of each of them with the possible exception of the most complex, Othello. In none of Shakespeare's plays, however, is a didactic intention plain. Yet I have attempted to show that Othello wronged Desdemona in his thought long before he killed her, first betting his life upon her faith, and then engendering monstrous ideas about her, thinking disloyally and foully of her imaginary sins, his mind as sulfurous as Vulcan's smithy.

> So much, out of self-unworthiness,
> His fears transport him --

Perhaps the prime motive of the five plays may best be summed up in these words, founded on the lines of Ford which I have quoted twice: The yellow malady, jealousy, no matter how masked by chivalry, is an affliction which appears to spring from a long ingrown contempt for the opposite sex. It sees in them simply the means to glut an impulse of sadism. Meanwhile the soul diseased grovels before an idol on impossible desire, derived from an infantile reverence of father and mother. This reverence may turn into impudent disdain, but the child-like soul remains incapable of loving anyone else wholeheartedly. In fact it becomes embittered by the motions of some fellow human toward occupation of the idol's throne. The servility to the divine fantom within may manifest itself toward living persons in high and mighty places, but usually it peeps through the pose of the jealous, who affect superiority in imitation of their idols. Each of the six dramatists whose plays we have surveyed so briefly here gives evidence of having suffered from these primitive passions.

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THE PRISONER AND HIS CRIMES:
SUMMARY COMMENTS ON A LONGER STUDY OF THE MIND OF WILLIAM COWPER

Previous biographers of William Cowper, by failing to use the tools supplied by psychoanalysis, have avoided facing the central problems in his experience. Of course, we must be aware of all the usual caveats and proceed to our conclusions with due humility; but any biographical study is to be judged by its results. Whatever the merits of Cowper's many biographers, a student using the concepts of psychoanalysis can suggest relationships between facts in Cowper's experience that have hitherto been slighted, over-emphasized at the expense of other facts, or treated as isolated phenomena, and thus point the way to a picture of Cowper in which all the parts belong together in a meaningful whole. In this new picture of the man and poet, Cowper's five psychotic derangements and his strange delusions about God are no longer unintelligible breaks in his experience but simply parts of a more intelligible total development.

Because the poet seldom mentions his clergyman father, John Cowper, and then only favorably, his important part in forming Cowper's attitudes has been more neglected than any other single factor. My thesis is that there are significant connections between: (1) the large number of deaths in Cowper's immediate family before his birth and during his early childhood; (2) his mother's dying when he was six; (3) his reaction to being sent away to school by his father after his mother's death; (4) his torture by the bully at Dr.Pitman's school; (5) the gratification of his wish for the death of a clerk in the House of Lords whose position he wanted; (6) his subsequent attempt at suicide; (7) his conversion to the Evangelical faith; (8) his conviction, after his breakdown in 1773, that he was forever excluded from the circle of God's mercy; and (9) his career as a poet of nature and the simple life. Cowper's reactions to all these experiences become more understandable only with the construction of a hypothesis indicating what his true feelings to his clergyman father probably were.

The terror with which Cowper shied away from accepting a masculine role in his adult years suggests that he must have suffered a crushing defeat during the Oedipal phase of his development. Cowper's parents had already had three other children who had died in infancy before he was born in 1731. The earlier sequence of deaths had thus already established a morbid connection between sexuality and death in Cowper's family environment, a connection which was given crucial reinforcement in his own psyche by the deaths of siblings who were born when he was two and three years of age, respectively. The gratification of these wishes for the removal of competitors probably left Cowper with accentuated feelings of guilt, ambivalence toward both parents, and a consequently overwhelming sense of insecurity which brought him to his fourth year sadly unprepared to digest the conflict with his father.

The child's morbid ambivalences were rendered even more insoluble and overwhelming by the death of his mother in childbirth when he was six. Her early death meant that Cowper overidealized her and yet leaned even more heavily for support on his father. When his father sent him away from home to school at this crucial point and when his life at the school brought him two years of unrelenting and secret torture at the hands of an older schoolmate, Cowper's fear and hatred of his father were probably intensified. At the same time, his inability to do anything but continue to accept the bully's torture would indicate that he had already made himself the victim of an extremely tyrannical superego. /1

The true ambivalence of Cowper's feelings toward his father is never openly admitted but is often indirectly betrayed. For example, consider the comments he makes in the poem Tirocinium on the cruelty of parents who send their children away from home for their schooling, especially in the passage beginning with the following lines-

> Then why resign into a stranger's hand
> A task as much within your own command,
> That God and nature, and your int'rest too,
> Seem with one voice to delegate to you.
> Why hire a lodging in a house unknown
> For one whose tend'rest thoughts all hover
> round your own?

However, the passage that first suggested to me how little we can really accept Cowper's statements about his father at their face value occurs in the Memoir that he wrote shortly after his conversion to the Evangelical faith. He has just finished describing the growing terror he felt as the day of the examination for the clerkship in the House of Lords drew near. This position, we must remember, became open to Cowper only on the death of the incumbent, a death for which he had wished. His guilty terror leads to thoughts of suicide and then he makes the following comment:

> I well recollect too, that when I was about eleven years of age, my father desired me to read a vindication of self-murder, and give him my sentiments upon the question: I did so, and argued against it. My father heard my

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/1 If Cowper was really born with malformed genitals, as a passage in The Greville Diary (Philip W. Wilson, ed., 2 vols., 1927, Vol. I, pp. 139-140) suggests, this defect may have been part of the reason for the schoolbully's success in torturing Cowper for two years before being discovered; and also may have been an important factor in creating his extraordinary dread of a public examination before the House of Lords in his late twenties. Thomas Wright says in his Life of Cowper, p. 42 n.: "It is handed down that an acquaintance, who was aware of this defect... insisted. . .that he would make it public -- in short that he would declare Cowper to be a woman."

> and was silent, neither approving nor disapproving; from whence I inferred, that he sided with the author against me; though all the time, I believe the true motive for his conduct was, that he wanted, if he could, to think favourably of the state of a departed friend, who had some years before destroyed himself, and whose death had struck him with the deepest affliction. But this solution of the matter never once occurred to me, and the circumstance now weighed mightily with me. 2/

Cowper's biographers have, of course, found it impossible to avoid this passage in the Memoir, but none of them has offered a full comment on it. Wright remarks: "To set a child such a task cannot be pronounced a very judicious action, and could the father have obtained glimpses of subsequent events, probably it would have been the last thing to enter his mind." 3/ Cowper himself knew only that "the circumstance now weighed mightily with" him. But why? The path toward the answer is suggested by the sentence: "I inferred that he sided with the author against me." Unconsciously, Cowper believed that his father wanted him to die. What frightened the eleven-year-old was not his father's disagreement with him on the abstract question of the justifiability of suicide, but his disagreement on the very concrete question, " Should William live or should William die?"

Cowper's extreme fear of competing with men and his equally great fear of approaching women except as a child are consequences of the compulsive passivity into which he was driven by his unresolved childhood conflicts. The death of his siblings, his mother's early death, his fear of castration by his father cemented his association of sexuality with death. He walked a straight and narrow asexual path between the chasms of masculinity and femininity. Hence the tremendous importance to him of his temporary success in identifying himself with the asexual ideal of the suffering male provided by Christ. The beauty of this identification (while it worked) was that faith in Christ's sacrifice made suicide no longer necessary. The alternative to Christ and suicide was to become Satan, as is indicated by his several semiconscious borrowings, during his distraught periods from the speeches of Milton's Satan. 4/

Shortly after he had found his temporarily saving faith in Christ, Cowper was released from the asylum at St. Albans to which he had been taken on attempting suicide. It was at this time that he met Mrs. Mary Unwin (seven years older than he) at a religious meeting, felt greatly drawn to her, and after several days of tumultuous and

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2/ Memoir of the Early Life of William Cowper (2d Amer. ed. from 2d London ed., Newburgh, 1817), p. 31.

3/ Life (1892) pp. 40-41.

4/ E.g., Memoir, p. 20; and the pathetic fragment of 1795, entitled Lines written on a Window-Shutter at Weston.

guilty thoughts managed to get himself accepted as a member of her household -- but only when his fear and guilt were calmed by a message expressing God's consent in words that "were not of my own production/5

The condition which Cowper unconsciously set for himself in order to feel permitted by his superego to establish the desperately needed relationship with Mary Unwin appears to have been his maintenance of an attitude purely non-competitive and non-sexual. But such an attitude proved impossible to maintain. In 1767, two years after he had found his second family, the accidental death of Mrs. Unwin's husband plunged Cowper into a dark depression for several days. In 1769, her son William left for work in another town. In 1770 Cowper's only living brother John (in bearing whom Cowper's mother had died) died after a year's illness. In 1772, Mrs. Unwin's daughter Susanna, who had come to look on Cowper with some hostility, became engaged to be married. Mrs. Unwin and Cowper became engaged themselves in the autumn of 1772. In January of 1773, Cowper suffered his third major derangement.

This succession of events almost surely wakened reverberations in the depths of Cowper's mind. I would judge that the fact that he was to marry Mrs. Unwin was not by itself responsible for Cowper's collapse. What seems more important is that Cowper's unconscious wish to have his mother all to himself is once more being realized before his anxious and incredulous eyes. One by one the competitors have been removed and he is left alone with the mother, shaken with guilt by the gratification of his infantile wishes. The unconscious connection between sexuality and death once more erupts with volcanic force and buries the precarious compromises of his psyche. The punishing father looms up once more to take his deferred revenge, and the temporary belief in the existence of a merciful Father, a God of love, falls unresisting before the renewed malignance of the ancient tyrant. It was during the breakdown of 1773 that Cowper heard in a dream the words that ended with terrible finality the season of hopefulness that had begun eight years before: "Actum est de te; periisti!" From this day forth he clung to the conviction that he had forever lost his chance for salvation. During his remaining twenty-seven years he was a man continually occupied in praising a God who had irrevocably damned him.

The breakdown of 1773 lasted well into 1774 and involved two more unsuccessful attempts at suicide. It seems to have accomplished several things. It put an end to any thoughts of marriage between Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, thus restoring the relationship between them to perfectly asexual ground. And it offered further appeasement to the tyrannical superego, sealed by the never to be relinquished conviction of the poet that he had lost all hope of salvation.

/5 Memoir, p. 67

The finality of these surrenders appears to have lifted some of the burden from the poet's mind. We find him gradually allowing himself small enjoyments in somewhat the way that the jailer traditionally grants special requests to the man condemned to die. Gardening, the care of pets, delight in scenic nature, letter writing, and poetic composition were all pastimes which permitted him to achieve both the illusion of innocence and the illusion of mastery over his environment. In ensuring the unmolested growth of animals and plants he was simultaneously expiating for his suppressed destructive wishes and playing the parts of parent and God.

The Task (1785) is a loosely organized collection of passages that succeed or fail largely for psychological reasons. The long rants against London fail because of the unorganized confusion of Cowper's attitude toward the city, because of his fear of being unqualifiedly aggressive, and not merely, as Leslie Stephens says, because Cowper exaggerated "every splash and puddle" in the London streets. The description of the Sicilian earthquake is not wholly successful because Cowper is concealing his ambivalence toward the God whose aggressions on man he attempts to justify. The section on the winter evening at home is a more complete achievement because Cowper is frankly celebrating the creature comforts that meant so much to him. But the most successful lines by far are those purely descriptive of the phenomena of nature. Here Cowper touches the rich strangeness that makes for great poetry, for he has found objects at which he can look guiltlessly and passionately without fears of attack by nocturnal voices. In contemplating tame nature, Cowper can look without flinching and express his vision with that balance of passion and composure which is absent from his other utterances.

His infantile fantasies intrude unconsciously but not in such a way as to inhibit the exercise of his poetic gifts: from a "speculative height," he regains the illusion of omnipotence. In the gentle undulations of the landscape he regains the lost body of his mother. He can even feed on a prospect, drink the flowing rivers in perfect innocence. He has recovered his mother in a way that conforms to his idealized description of her in Lines on Receipt of His Mother's Picture:

> Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
> Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and brakes
> That humour interpos'd too often makes.

It is tame Nature's capacity for satisfying his deepest wish that filled Cowper with the sharp joy necessary for the creation of the most beautiful sections of The Task. The weakest sections of the poem are those in which Cowper feels forced to make concessions to his theological superego.

The derangement of 1787 would suggest that these concessions were inadequate. Indeed, they must have been. Although the poet had chosen retreat and surrender, his descriptions of the contentment he found in trifles had gained him more prominence than ever before. What had appeared adequately innocent for so many years was coming to look like simple and even aggressive self-gratification.

In a few of the poems of the last decade we hear the authentic tones of great poetry, but in each case we are confronted by a continuation of his autobiography of despair. The lines on his mother with their plangent reconstruction of a childhood sorrow; the guilt-laden tribute to his protectress, To Mary; and The Castaway with its pathetic Satanism -- all are produced by the crumbling of his defenses. In each case floods and storms threaten to submerge the creator.

Although Cowper was only half the chooser of his career as a poet, scattered fragments of his total production suggest that he possessed some of the gifts necessary for the writing of great poetry. His work, however, tends to fall into two main divisions which he rarely integrated: subjective communications of his deeper problems and Horatian attempts to describe experiences attractive to the normal sensibility and easily accessible to it. The larger part of his poetry belongs to this category of attempts at the normal and average in his expe ience; he avoids as much as possible giving us pictures of the face of his own despair. This avoidance creates a problem that is peculiarly insoluble for a person of his makeup. He is forced over and over again to give us what he calls shavings from the surface of his mind; he cannot put all of himself into his work.

In much of his poetry, therefore, he is reduced to querulous preaching in behalf of a God whom he fears too much himself to defend with effective sincerity; fuzzy satire that misses its object because of his inability to achieve aggressive attitudes that are meaningful to the generality of men, or because of the compulsive fear that leads him to weaken a pointed expression with conciliating qualifications; and attempts at mock heroic that often fail because of the intense seriousness of his feeling about the subject of his witticisms. But in his simple descriptions of his occupations and of the phenomena of Nature, he often achieves a more successful poetry because his relative freedom from confusion and guilt in his attitude toward life's elementary simplicites allows him to communicate unconsciously much of his deeper intensity of feeling in the simple act of painting word pictures; but even such passages are islands in a sea of reflective commentary in which he tries to tell us and his superego what the experience he has described really meant to him.

The reader of Cowper's correspondence will be less often irritated than the reader of his poetry, for the picture of his personality that Cowper gives us in his letters is less suggestive of the straining for effect induced by the problem of writing for a public and, though it falls short of the concentrated intensity he achieved in some parts of his poetry, is a more complete picture of

a man with many sides. He is writing autobiography for people on whose sympathetic reception of his remarks he can depend completely, and the total effect is either more unaffectedly pleasant or frankly depressing.

A psychological investigation of Cowper's life and writings is important because there is no other way of finding a rational explanation for the disparities between the widely differing segments of his work. Only thus can we begin to see how completely the poet's productions are permeated with his personality and problems; and only thus can we arrive at relatively adequate formulations of the reasons for which a poet did some things in his poetry and omitted to do others.

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BOOK REVIEW

Ernest Jones, M.D. THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD. Vol. I: The Formative Years and the Great Discoveries, 1856-1900. Vol. II: Years of Maturity, 1900-1919. New York: Basic Books, 1953-55.

Surely it cannot come as news to the readers of LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY that Ernest Jones has published two volumes of his definitive and "official" three-volume biography of the founder of psychoanalysis.

This "dauntingly stupendous" task (as Jones himself refers to it in the preface) has been hailed in the popular press and in the professional journals with almost unanimous praise--and deservedly so. It was inevitable that The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud should supersede all previous biographical accounts, for Ernest Jones has had not only his forty years of intimate association with Freud and his associates to draw on, but also the generous cooperation of the Freud family, who have let him examine some 2,500 documents, including some 1,500 love letters and a "secret record" kept by Freud and his wife during their four years of courtship. All this has helped overcome the great barriers of silence created by Freud on two occasions when he completely destroyed all his private papers. "Let the biographers chafe," he wrote in 1885 to Martha Bernays, his fiancee. "We won't make it too easy for them. Let each of them believe he is right in his 'Conception of the Development of the Hero': even now I enjoy the thought of how they will go astray." It is obvious that to a large extent, Freud succeeded in this regrettable youthful caprice, for Jones must be content to record thirteen crucial years of Freud's childhood and adolescence in as many pages. 1/ But Freud had not yet discovered psychoanalysis; after 1877 he scrupulously preserved every scrap of paper, and Jones is certainly just the man to make the most of them.

Just the man, that is, in terms of his own role as a giant in psychoanalytical history (as a result of being the first man outside the German speaking countries to perform a psychoanalysis, being the permanent president of the International Psychoanalytical Association, etc.) However, one cannot help feeling that Jones's attitude is cautious, restrained, burdened by a felt obligation not to appear too idolatrous. As a result, the facts of Freud's own exciting and dramatic personal life and public career make this an inordinately fascinating biography--and not Jones's temper or prose style.

/1 Apart from the inadequate account of Freud's childhood forced on Jones by the paucity of materials, he has made a curious (though perhaps insignificant) error by asserting that the local register at Freiberg, Moravia, is mistaken in recording Freud's date of birth as March 6, 1856--only seven months and six days after Freud's parents were married. The register has been misread; it does give the correct date as May 6, 1856. Cf. Leslie Adams, "Sigmund Freud's Correct Birthday: Misunderstanding and Solution," Psychoanalytic Review, XLI (1954), 359ff. An interesting fact is that Adams claims that he corresponded with Jones on this matter; yet Jones's error appears.

As a matter of fact, in this respect Freud's own prose makes a far more absorbing narrative; anyone who has read The Interpretation of Dreams or The Psychopathology of Everyday Life -- or better yet the published letters to that curious numerologist, Wilhelm Fliess, to whom Freud passionately attached himself in the dark and lonely days before his self-analysis -- cannot help but feel that Jones has tamed rather than adequately reflected the powerful drama of Freud's life. Jones is simply not a gifted stylist, as is, for example, Leon Edel, who has made that dull figure Henry James actually seem to be someone worth reading about by virtue of a judicious selection and interpretation of incidents. But with Freud as his subject Jones need only narrate the facts, and even though the prose is the usual flat gray of the professional scientist the magnificent human being, Sigmund Freud, cannot help but come through.

For example, Freud was born in a caul; that is, still swaddled in the prenatal envelope -- a sign to the superstitious that he would become a great man. A wandering poet predicted that the "little black-amoor" would some day be a cabinet minister. Being the first-born of his father's second marriage and the apple of his mother's eye, he came early to anticipate greatness. Since a Jew in Central Europe could not realistically look forward to a military or political career, he soon had to abandon Hannibal and Cromwell as his ideals and turn to intellectual pursuits. For these he was richly endowed -- a brilliant student, he soon learned a half-dozen languages, read Shakespeare at the age of eight, graduated from the gymnasium summa cum laude, disciplined himself to careful laboratory procedures. One fascinating evidence of the latter is manifested in the fact that Freud once spent months patiently dissecting some 400 eels in a search for the eel gonads -- which he never found, and he deeply resented the research director who set him on this task. Jones, however, does not speculate on the possible significance of this experience in terms of Freud's sexual life or of his later concern with penis symbols.

Valuable as the biography is in terms of the cultural and scientific history of the late 19th and early 20th centuries and, particularly, of the development of psychoanalysis, readers of LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY will find especial delight in Freud's own concern with literature -- both personal and professional. It is reassuring to a literary critic interested in the uses of psychoanalysis to discover that the founder of psychoanalysis himself read so widely and learned so much of his own field there. In fact, in his final assessment of Freud's character and personality in the second volume, Jones says that

> Freud might have become a creative writer, perhaps not a poet, but a novelist -- in fact, he said so himself more than once. It was perhaps not chance that before he ever met him, he once wrote to Arthur Schnitzler. . .that he felt his mind to be more akin to his own than anyone else's he had ever come across. [No source cited.]

Freud was an avid reader of both classics and contemporary works, and he was a hearty theatre-goer (though he hated the small, tight one-franc seats of the balcony: "one would have more room in a grave and be more comfortable"). At school he wrote brilliant examinations on Vergil and Sophocles; he read his first novel before he was thirteen, and his favorite gifts to friends and relatives were books. With his schoolmate, Silberstein, he learned Spanish, and they developed a private language based on Cervantes. To his sisters and his fiancee,

he enjoyed acting as literary counselor, prescribing what they must and must not read; he warned his sister against Balzac and Dumas and wrote to Martha Bernays that he did not consider Tom Jones suitable for her chaste mind.

Before he was fourteen, Freud was given the collected works of Ludwig Börne -- the only books he preserved from his adolescent years. Jones finds it particularly interesting in the light of Freud's later interest in the free-association technique to discover among these books an essay entitled "The Art of Becoming an Original Writer in Three Days (1823)" containing the following passages:

> Take a few sheets of paper and for three days in succession write down, without any falsification or hypocrisy, everything that comes into your head. Write what you think of yourself, of your women, of the Turkish war, of Goethe, of the Fonk criminal case, of the Last Judgment, of those senior to you in authority -- and when the three days are over you will be amazed at what novel and startling thoughts have welled up in you. That is the art of becoming an original writer in three days.

All through life Freud found literature a source of solace and inspiration. He once even wrote a verse letter to his fiancee (which Jones unfortunately does not quote), and he particularly enjoyed quoting copiously from his current reading to illustrate his moods and state of mind. A favorite quotation from Heine appears more than once in his letters: "With his nightcaps and rags of gown/ He stops up the gaps of the universe" ("Die Heimkehr"). From Milton, whom he admitted as one of the greatest of English poets, he found it appropriate to quote during a depressed period over his prolonged engagement:

> Let us consult
> What reinforcements we may gain from hope, -
> If not, what resolution from despair. (P. L. I, 191-3)

When a family friend set aside 1,500 gulden as a donation to help shorten Freud's waiting period before marriage, Freud wrote that it -- was like entering "the second volume of their interesting romance. . . one entitled 'Riches' after 'Little Dorrit'." Freud admired Dickens, particularly David Copperfield (because both were born in a caul?), but he was not uncritical in his admiration. Hard Times was a cruel book which "left him as if he had been rubbed all over by a hard brush;" Bleak House was deliberately hard, like most of Dickens' late work, and there was too much mannerism in it." A quote from a letter to Martha Bernays shows how casually Freud was able to reveal his penetrating criticisms of the books he read:

> You must have noticed that all our writers and artists have a 'mannerism,' a stereotyped series of motives and arrangements which indicate the limits of their art: That is why it is is so easy to parody them, as, for instance, Bret Harte has done so brilliantly with the English authors. To these mannerisms belong, in the case of Dickens, those flawless girls, selfless and good, so good that they are quite colorless; then the sharp distinctions between virtue and vice which don't exist in life (where should I be, for example?); finally, his easy toleration of feeblemindedness, represented in almost every novel by one or two blockheads or crazy people, who belong to the side of the 'good ones,' and so on. Oh, I had almost forgotten the philanthropist,

> who has such a frightful lot of money and is available for any noble purpose. Copperfield has the least of all this. The characters are individualized; they are sinful without being abominable.

Jones is certainly justified in asserting that "one must regard Thomas Mann's remarks as gratuitous when he deplored the hard work Freud had had in his investigations, labor which a knowledge of literature would have spared him." Such was Freud's fascination with English literature that he read only English books for a ten-year period and tried hard and without success to get his fiancee to learn English also. However, he read with deep interest in a variety of languages: translated Mill into German, lectured on Zola's La Fécondit for B'nai B'rith, said of Schnitzler's Paracelsus,"I am astonished to see what such a writer knows about these things." His taste was sometimes whimsical; for example, he strongly recommended Kipling's The Light That Failed and The Phantom Rickshaw to his friend Fliess. His perversity manifested itself in other ways, too. He felt certain that the range of insights into human nature embodied in Shakespeare's plays could only have been grasped by a continental and that the name of Shakespeare was really a corruption of Jacques Pierre. Later, despite Strachey's warnings against the influence of the unfortunately named Looney, he became convinced that the true author of the plays was Edward de Vere, the Earl of Oxford.

The second volume of the biography contains fewer references to Freud's personal and casual comments on literature, but it presents an annotated bibliography of Freud's writings up to 1919, including Freud's own early applications of psychoanalysis to general cultural matters, especially literature and the arts. Of these, apart from such general studies as The Interpretation of Dreams (1900), The Psychopathology of Everyday Life (1904), and Totem and Taboo (1911), the following will be of particular importance to readers of LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY:

> Jokes and Their Relation to the Unconscious (1905),
> Delusions and Dreams in Jensen's 'Gradiva' (1907),
> The Creative Writer and Day-dreaming (1908),
> Leonardo da Vinci and a Memory of his Childhood (1910)
> The Occurrence in Dreams of Material from Fairy Tales (1913),
> The Theme of the Three Caskets (1913),
> Moses of Michelangelo (1914)
> Some Character Types met with in Psycho-analytical Work (1915)

Most if not all of these are already well-known, but if the reader is not familiar with their contents he will not always receive much elucidation from Jones. For example, the essay on "Character-Types met with in Psycho-analysis" includes a discussion of Lady Macbeth and Rebecca West (of Ibsen's Rosmersholm); of the latter Jones says, Freud delicately dissected the three layers of guilt and made clear the central theme of the tragedy." These three layers of guilt and the central theme are left to the reader's imagination. Similarly, of "Psychopathic Characters on the Stage" Jones says, "Taking the example of Hamlet as a text Freud stated three conditions that have to be fulfilled before the theme is acceptable to the audience and will be enjoyed," but Jones gives no clue as to what these three conditions are.

However reluctant one is to be negatively critical of this great biographical monument on the centennial of Freud's birthday, one must observe that Jones is not always astute in his analyses of Freud's

writings. For example, Jones says of the Leonardo essay ("the first real psychoanalytic biography. . .one of Freud's favorite works. . . the only pretty thing he had ever written") that Strachey has called his mistranslation of nibbio an awkward fact, since nibbio means kite and not vulture -- "a singular lapse in Freud's natural history." Since the entire mythological heart of that essay depends on the identification of the vulture with the Goddess Mut, one cannot help but suspect Jones of evasiveness in his dismissal of the problem with the comment that "whether the similarity between the two [kite and vulture] is close enough to leave undisturbed the equation with the Goddess. . . must be left to the experts to determine." Two critics, R. Richard Wohl and Harry Trosman, have recently subjected Freud's Leonardo to a very carefully detailed reassessment with some very damaging consequences. /2 Surely it required no "expert" to discover that

> the Italian word. . .does not refer to vultures at all, but to kites -- a separate and distinct genus which does not even bear a superficial resemblance to vulturine types. The kite is a sleek bird, rather like a falcon, with a distinctive forked tail wholly unlike the vulture. Since the mythological data discussed by Freud are restricted in reference and relevance to vultures and to their special legendary significance, one must conclude that all this material, introduced into the analysis on the basis of this error, must be discarded.

In other respects, too, these critics find Freud's essay marred by distortions and bias, especially in Freud's assumptions concerning biographical data which are in direct contradiction to known facts, and in his overgeneralizations and oversimplifications about homosexuality.

Jones is, of course, biased -- inevitably so. Toward the end of the second volume, he says, "When a relative or friend composes a biography he sometimes tries to protect himself against unduly obtruding his personal views of the subject by adhering to an arid objectivity. I do not think any reader of volume one would charge me with painting a dull picture." Dull? Not quite -- considering the subject and the author's sources, it couldn't be! Objective? Certainly not. Nevertheless, The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud is one of the significant biographies of our age, for it gives us the most intimate view we have yet had of one of the greatest men of all time.

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2/ "A Retrospect of Freud's Leonardo," Psychiatry, XVIII (Feb., 1955), 27-40.

BIBLIOGRAPHY (XXII)

The Saturday Review for May 5, 1956, is devoted in large part to articles in observance for the Freud Centenary. The Editors conclude their introductory remarks as follows:

> So long as psychoanalysis maintains the humane, scientific spirit of its Founder, does not constitute itself the proctor or -- the accusation Freud hurled at his pupil Jung -- the prophet of the human race, the potential good that Freud's formulations can confer on mankind is large indeed. (p. 7)

The issue then publishes a number of articles which examine Freud from the viewpoint of the historian,

Crane Brinton, "Freud and Human History" (pp. 8, 9, 35, 36),

the psychoanalytic psychiatrist,

Lawrence S. Kubie, "Freud and Human Freedom" (pp. 9, 10, 36, 37),

three critics of literature,

John Ciardi, "Freud and Modern Poetry" (p. 8),

Henry Hewes, "Freud and the Theatre" (p. 10),

and

Donald Barr, "Freud and Fiction" (p. 36),

and a critic of art,

James Thrall Soby, "Suggestions and Symbols" (pp. 11, 12).

The four last named are disappointing, the notes on poetry, drama, and fiction being extremely sketchy, and the discussion of modern art being based on a concept of the relationship between psychoanalysis and surrealism which is hardly tenable in the present state of informed psychoanalytic opinion.

Decidedly more interesting for the psycho-literary critic are the reviews of works in which the Freudian influences (or lack of influence) on the reviewer, the author, and the subject of the work reviewed are more or less tangentially revealed; e. g., in

Jacob Arlow's review of Richard L. Schoenwald's Freud: The Man and His Mind, 1856-1956 (pp. 12, 38),

Evelyn Eaton's review of André Maurois' Olympio, The Life of Victor Hugo (p. 13),

Horace Gregory's review of F. R. Leavis's D. H. Lawrence: Novelist (p. 14),

and

Robert Halsband's review of Alfred Perlès' My Friend Henry Miller: An Intimate Portrait, and Henry Miller's The Time of the Assassins (pp. 15, 47).

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Brief mention will be made in these BIBLIOGRAPHIES of articles and other works reported in current issues of Psychological Abstracts, if these works have not heretofore been the subject of comment in these pages. The February, 1956, issue, 30 (1), has

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S. I. Hayakawa, "Popular Songs vs. The Facts of Life," ETC., 1955, 12, 83-95,

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The April, 1956, issue, 30 (2), has

Solomon Asch, "On the Use of Metaphor in the Description of Persons," in Werner, H., ed., On Expressive Language (Clark University Monographs in Psychology and Related Disciplines, Worcester, Mass.: Clark University Press, 1955), 29-38,

Marie Baldridge, "Some Psychological Patterns in the Poetry of T. S. Eliot," Psa., 1954, 3 (1), 19-47,

Dorothy Donnelly, "Man and His Symbols," in Braceland, F. J., ed., Faith, Reason, and Modern Psychiatry (New York: P. J. Kennedy, 1955), 183-203,

Bernard Kaplan, "Some Psychological Methods for the Investigation of Expressive Language," in Werner, H., op. cit., 11-18,

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G. Raviart, "Le Génie de Balzac," Ann. Med.-Psy. Paris, 1954, 4, 481-503,

A. A. Roback, "The Psychology of Literature," in A. A. Roback, ed., Present-Day Psychology (New York: Philos. Libr., 1955), 867-896,

Stanley Rosenman, "Towards a Theory of the Ego," Psa. Rev., 1955, 42, 142-159,

Justin Leon Weiss, An Experimental Study of the Psychodynamics of Humor, Dissert. Abstr., 1955, 15, 873.

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The February, 1956, issue of Contemporary Psychology, I (2), reviews no work in the field of literature, but it does have

Robert W. White's review of Ernest Jones's The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud, Volume 2 (pp. 35-40).

An interesting sidelight on Freud as a writer, which may supplement what Dr. Hagopian has written for us in this issue (pp.), is the comment that

"Freud's mind possessed astonishing powers of memory and organization. Almost always he gave his lectures. . . without a note before him, and the result was as perfectly ordered and charmingly expressed as if it had been polished for weeks. . . . Even when on pleasure bent during his summer journeys, he was apt to exhaust his companions by his tireless, purposeful visits to works of art and ancient ruins." (p. 37)

The March, 1956 issue, I (3), likewise has no reviews of direct concern to us, but we should note important works in psychological theory and therapeutic practice; viz.,

Joseph Adelson's review of Gordon W. Allport's Becoming: Basic Considerations for a Psychology of Personality (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1955) (pp. 67-69),

Thelma G. Alper's review of Bruno Bettelheim's Truants from Life: The Rehabilitation of Emotionally Disturbed Children (Glencoe, Ill.: Free Press, 1955) (72-73),

and

John P. Spiegel's review of Abram Kardiner's Sex and Morality (New York: Bobbs-Merrill, 1954) (74-75).

The reviewer of Professor Allport's interesting (and brief) statement of a position which allegedly transcends psychoanalysis (even psychoanalytic ego psychology) sums up his review with some cogent references to American literature and ideas:

"At the core of this book. . is a commitment to a particular moral philosophy. Parrington called it 'the doctrine of human excellence'. . It seems to enter American thought in the early part of the nineteenth century, primarily through theological and quasi-theological sources, and achieves a full flowering in the New England of the middle 1800's... Allport's is a late and sophisticated version, but retains the essentials: The 'good' aspects of the human organism--reason, freedom, morality--are natural and emergent; the sources of human discord are exterior to the natural man.

"The belief in man's goodness and perfectibility is, typically though not entirely, a doctrine of the frontier, of a culture in expansion and renaissa nce. At its best it lends hope and vitality to our undertakings; at its worst it is a dangerously sentimental view of our nature. As America settles into its maturity, we find that the doctrine is increasingly abandoned. The emergence of a conservative political theory, the toughening of liberal thought (as in Schlesinger and Trilling), the impact of Niebuhr's theology, the literary rediscovery of Hawthorne, Melville, the later Mark Twain--these separate tendencies have a common foundation, a mistrust of the treacherous illusions of optimism. . .Can we accept a psychology such as Allport's, which, out of its high hopes for human destiny, remains insensitive to man's malign capacities?" (pp. 68,69)

In the April, 1956, issue, I (4), appears

Frederick Wyatt's review of Phyllis Greenacre's Swift and Carroll (pp. 105-107),

the work which Professor Wyatt reviewed for us in our last issue (VI,1, 18-27). Again, as in our review, the scope of the article is extended into "a discussion of the problem of posthumous psychoanalysis in general" (E. G. B., ed., p. 113). Our article was, we think, somewhat fuller, but what is particularly interesting to note is that, in a review of the same book by the same authors (Dr. Wyatt once again acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. Bacon and Dr. Eastman), and barring necessary differences in technical vocabulary, the same points of strength and weakness in the work reviewed appear to be of equal cogency for the psychological as for the literary reader.

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The issues of The American Psychologist contain, as might be expected, little material of direct interest to us. We might note, however,

E. P. Hollander, "Popular literature in the Undergraduate Social Psychology Course," 11 (2), February, 1956, 95-96,
and
John B. Carroll, "The Case of Dr. Flesch" (a review of Rudolf Flesch's Why Johnny Can't Read, New York: Harper, 1955), 11, (3), March, 1956, 158-163,

The former paper relies heavily on an artic le by A. B. Wood, "Psychodynamics Through Literature," which is cited as having appeared in The American Psychologist, 1954, 9, 790-793, and which sounds, at first blush, very much as if it were the same paper which Professor Wood published in LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY (IV, 1, 5-7). College teachers of literature and composition who meet "Johnny" at age 18 et seq. may find more than passing interest in the pros and cons of Dr. Flesch's thesis, couched though they may be in "pedagogese."

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That Professor Gordon S. Haight makes use of psychological interpretations in his literary studies (particularly when they concern George Henry Lewes) is evidenced not only in his article,

"Dickens and Lewes," PMLA, LXXI (1), March, 1956, 166-179

but also by his kindness in supplying your Editor with references to certain works of Lewes, in which the latter anticipated some of the findings of depth psychology. Professor Haight referred to these works in an address before the Columbia University English Graduate Union in the fall of 1954:

"The Physiology of Common Life," 1860,

Earlier contributions to the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1858 and 1859 on nerve physiology and the "Spinal Chord [sic] as a Sensational and Volitional Centre," etc.,

The Physical Basis of Mind (the 2nd series of Problems of Life and Mind), 1877.

and

The Study of Psychology (1877) and Mind as a Function of the Organism (both in the 3rd series of Problems of Life and Mind).

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The February, 1956, issue of The Guide to Psychiatric and Psychological Literature (II, 6) contains a review of a work by an eminent American follower of the Jung school:

Assia Abel's review of M. Esther Harding's Woman's Mysteries, Ancient and Modern, with an introduction by C. G. Jung (New York: Pantheon Books, 1955) (pp. 9, 10),

also

Harry Slochower's review of Sandor Ferenczi's Final Contributions to the Problems and Methods of Psychoanalysis, edited by Michael Balint, translated by Eric Mosbacher and others, and with an introduction by Clara Thompson (New York: Basic Books, 1955) (pp. 7, 8).

Dr. Slochower singles out for special praise the paper on "Gulliver's Phantasies" and a paper which "enlarges the notion of the dream to its creative futuristic function." He expresses the opinion that "Castorp's snow dream in Thomas Mann's 'The Magic Mountain' and Joseph's dream in 'Joseph and His Brothers' are outstanding illustrations of this view." (p. 8)

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At times certain of the interpretations in The Explicator make use of depth psychology as a tool in explication (all too rarely), we believe, and often inexpertly). An example is

Melvin Walker La Follette's explication of a recent (1953) poem by Galway Kinnell, "First Son," XIV (7), April, 1956, №48.

The poem is praised for its functioning "ably on all its levels of meaning". Dung is then equated, quite arbitrarily, with infantile sexuality, frogs with sexual maturity, and joy with sexual consummation. "Cornstalk violins" are "symbolic of the phallus," and their"bows . . introduce to the protagonist the potentialities of his own instrument in a context of pre-adolescent sexuality and homosexuality which is a common behavior pattern in boys at the age of puberty." There is no documentation, either biographical or scientific.

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The recent Spring number of the University of Kansas City Review, XXII (3), March 1956, contains, in addition to

Constantine N. Stavrou's "William Blake and D. H.Lawrence" (pp. 235-240),

a paper which will admirably complement the article by Dr. Stavrou which we hope to publish shortly, also

Richard Foster, "Literary Criticism Is Possible" (pp. 225-233).

Mr. Foster fights the old battle of "relativism" versus "absolutism" and strives valiantly to find a "scientific" basis for criticism, be it informative or evaluative in nature. The attempt to discover such a "scientific" basis for literary criticism fails, however, through its attempt to produce Hamlet without the Dane, for the author makes no mention at any time of the values inherent in psychological data as a tool for either interpretation or evaluation.

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The Selected Bibliography of MLA General Topics VII (Literature and Science) appears in two parts. One (covering 1954) was published in Symposium, 1955, 9, 196-201; the other is a mimeographed supplement covering mid-year 1954 to mid-year 1955. Insofar as the titles reveal the content, the following items of interest to us have not yet appeared in any of our listings to date:

H(arold Grier) McCurdy, "Aesthetic Choice as a Personality Function," JAAC, 1954, Xii, 373-377,

H. Fingert, "Psychoanalytic Study of the Minor Prophet Jonah," Psa. Rev., 1954, XLI, 55-65,

P(aul) Kocher, "Lady Macbeth and the Doctor," SQ, 1954, V, 341-349,

W. Ong, "Swift on the Mind: The Myth of Asepsis," MLQ, 1954, XV, 208-221,

J(ohn V.) Hagopian, "Contemporary Science and the Poets Reconsidered," Science, XCC, 951-955,

R. Meyers, "Semantic Dilemmas in Neurology, Psychology, and General Semantics," GSB, 1954, Nos. 10-11, 35-51,

C(arvel) Collins, "The Interior Monologues of The Sound and the Fury," English Institute Essays 1952 (A. S. Downer, ed.) pp. 29-56. (An expanded version of our leading article, III , 3, 2-4.)

R. Arnheim, "Artistic Symbols -- Freudian and Otherwise," JAAC, 1954, XII, 93-97,

H. Levin, "The Ivory Gate," YFS, 1954, XIII, 17-29,

S. Ullman, "Transpositions of Sensations in Proust's Imagery," FS, 1954, VIII, 28-43,

J. Garraty, "Preserved Smith, Ralph Volney Harlow, and Psychology," JHI, 1954, XV, 456-465,

C. G. Jung and W. Pauli, The Interpretation of Nature and the Psyche, New York, 1955,

G. Tourney and D. J. Plazak, "Evil Eye in Myth and Schizophrenia," Psychiatric Quart., 1954, 28, 478-495,

R. N. Wilson, "Poetic Creativity," Psychiatry, 1954, 17, 153-176,

R. B. Hovey, "Dr. Samuel Johnson, Psychiatrist," MLQ, 1954, 15, 321-325,

H. Feldman, "The Hero as Assassin," Psa., 1954, Summer, 3, 48-63,

N. Fodor, The Hound of Heaven," Psa., 1955, Summer, 3, 45-59,

M. Hertzman, "Psychology, Literature, and the Life Situation," Psa., 1955, Winter, 3, 46-57,

E. S. Feldman, "Sherwood Anderson's Search," Psa., 1955, Spring, 3, 41-51,

M[ark] Kanzer, "Gogol: A Study on Wit and Paranoia," Journ. Amer. Psa. Assn., 1955, 3, 110-125,

W. Bezanson, "Melville's Clarel: The Complex Passion," ELH, 1954, 21, 146-159.

It is of some interest to note that, for some reason, the only paper from LITERATURE AND PSYCHOLOGY which is listed in this bibliography is Professor Edel's 1954 convention paper on The Professor's House.

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A minor complaint which we expressed a short while ago (V, 2, 57-8) will now have to be withdrawn or at least modified, for the March, 1956, issue of the Tennessee Folklore Bulletin, XXII, 1, has now published a paper in which the psychodynamic interpretation of certain elements in human behavior comes in for some serious consideration:

Joseph Rysan, "The Solution by Scapegoat: A Study in the Myth of Hatred," pp. 10-20.

The author does not hesitate to refer in his paper to "irrational and free-floating collective anxieties, frustrations, and hostilities" (p. 10); yet he makes no use of psychoanalytic investigations of the same subject, not even referring to the classic psychoanalytic interpretations of crowd behavior by Everett Dean Martin.

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Partisan Review has published another excellent psycho-literary study of an author who has generated among critics much heat, but rarely so much light as is here shed upon his works. The author's surname, at least, will be familiar to our readers:

Selma Fraiberg, "Kafka and the Dream," XXIII, 1, Winter, 1956, 47-69.

Mrs. Fraiberg makes it clear that the mingling of the world of dream with the author's life is the largest single factor in his attraction for the contemporary reader. Her careful and ingenious study of the far from obvious relation between a recorded dream and a piece of published fiction is a model for psycho-literary interpreters.

> Kafka [she concludes] offers himself and his disease as a symbol which exercises an extraordinary attraction in our time. For mental illness is the romantic disease of this age just as tuberculosis was in the past century. His writing is expiation, atonement, an extreme mortification before his human judges,

and the bond he creates between himself and his reader is in part the bond of guilt, of unconscious sin.... The awe and mysticism which surround the figure of Kafka and his writings bring to mind those feelings which are aroused in us by a premonitory dream....

The striving for synthesis, for integration and harmony which are the marks of a healthy ego and a healthy art are lacking in Kafka's life and in his writings. The conflict is weak in Kafka's stories because the ego is submissive; the unequal forces within the Kafka Psyche create no tension within the reader, only a fraternal sadness, an identification between a writer and a reader which takes place in the most solitary regions of the ego. (pp. 68-69)

Mrs. Fraiberg's paper, in an expanded form, as well as Mr. Lesser's article on Hawthorne and Sherwood Anderson (PR, XXII, 3, 372-390), will appear in an anthology, Art and Psychcanalysis, shortly to be published by Criterion Books.

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Off-prints received include the following:

(1) Winthrop Tilley, "The Idiot Boy in Mississippi: Faulkner's The Sound and the Fury," Amer. Journ. of Mental Deficiency, 1955, January, 59, 3, 374-377.

The author is associate professor of English at the University of Connecticut and also secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Mansfield State Training School and Hospital. He points out the confusion which exists among critics as to whether Benjy is an idiot, a psychotic, a symbol of the psychic infancy of the human race, or perhaps all three of these. He discusses the attitude of Mississippi law on the custody and castration of mental defectives.

(2) Maurice Beebe, "The Turned Back of Henry James," South Atl. Qurtrly, 1954, October, LIII, 4, 521-539.

The author is concerned, in large part, with rebutting the concept of "art-as-compensation" in Henry James, as advanced by Saul Rosenzweig in "The Ghost of Henry James" (cited by us in I, 2, 1 [R 43]; I, 3, 4 [R 49], and II, 2, 4 [R 59]). The persistent "turned-back" image which Dr. Beebe has detected and analyzed is particularly interesting in the haunting short story "The Private Life."

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[The volume-by-volume search of Psyché will be continued in a later issue.]